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Now dreary and dark is the lone habitation,
 Where moulders the bones of old Ulster's great King !
 Each heart feels a throbbing, a pensive sensation,
 As his praises sound forth from the harp's loud-toned string.
 Long, long shall his name be recorded in story—
 A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war !
 And O'NEILL still displays, as an emblem of glory,
 The Red Hand of Erin !— Insult it who dare ?
Ballymena. J. S. M. C.

THE PIDGEON HOUSE.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The improvements made in the harbour of Dublin, within the last sixty years, (or thereabouts,) cannot fail to fill the beholder with admiration. Every way the eye turns the taste and spirit of our fellow-citizens are displayed—beauty is combined with utility. The feeble citizen of fourscore, as he saunters along the quay of the north or south wall, recalls to his memory, that in his boyhood those beautiful walks which he now enjoys were swampy impassible strands—that from Ballybough to Ball's Bridge, and from Mark's Church to Ringsend, were under the dominion of the waves of the Atlantic. Ringsend might then be deemed an island, for, before the Dodder River was enclosed by banks, the sea rolled over where rich pastures now relieve the eye in the vicinity of Irishtown; though it is to be regretted, that of all places round the harbour Ringsend is the least improved—it is, in fact, disgusting in its appearance, while some of its ruinous buildings seem to threaten destruction to the unwary passenger.

In this place there is, at present, living, an individual who has resided there nearly a century—who remembers the situation of the harbour upwards of seventy years ago—and who gives the following account of the origin of Ringsend and the Pidgeon House. Speaking on the subject some short time since, he observed—"I well remember the harbour of Dublin destitute of a light house, save one on Howth. Vessels of all burden were obliged to remain beyond the bar after nightfall, owing to the vast shoal shore lying north and south, called the north and south bulls. When they entered the harbour, the first place of security they met was Ringsend, so called from many score rings of a prodigious size fastened in beams of wood, protruding from this neck of land; other rings made fast in enormous rocks, brought for that purpose, the bottom being too soft for anchorage. Thus, from the end of land with rings, it was called in time Ringsend; its original name I leave to the antiquarian to discover. A wall was then begun by the Corporation of the city, where the Pidgeon House now stands, to make some shelter for the shipping; but this did not, in the least, remedy the danger. A wall farther out was considered indispensable; piles were sunk for the undertaking, and a wooden house, strongly cramped with iron, to serve as a watch-house, store-house, and place of refuge for any that might be forced there through stress of weather.

Large sums of money were collected from the citizens by the Corporation;—the work went on with spirit for about two years, when all on a sudden it stopped, and remained so for a long time, until the Ballast Office Company was established, who took it on themselves to finish it. To return to the building of the old wall, as it is now called: there were a number of boats plying from Ringsend to the pile-ends, where the new wall to the Light House commences, and which by many is called the Pile-ends to this day, and not without cause, for still the piles or stakes are to be seen. In those days, the Black Rock, or clean kitchen of Dunleary, was not heard of. During the time the works were going on, the word was, of a Sunday—"Where shall we go?" "To the Pile-ends, and take our dinner in Pidgeon's house;"—alluding to a man that lived in a large wooden house, as before described, at the Pile-ends. This man was left in care of the workmen's tools and works. He had one son, two daughters, and wife. Pidgeon finding the great resort to his house in the summer, spared no expense to make it neat for their reception;—had bottled ale, and several other kinds of drink, for public accommodation. He

next fitted out a boat, in a tasteful style, which himself and son rowed. He plied with none but the most respectable companies, of which he had a great resort.

From this man the Pidgeon House took its name, though some will have it that from a battery that was afterwards built of an hectangular form, with loop-holes, which, to all appearance, represented, at a distant view, a pidgeon house, such as we see in some of our farmyards, elevated on poles; while others affirm that from the carrier pigeons resting here it took its name; but all the old inhabitants of Dublin and Ringsend contend for the first.

It may be interesting to the reader to follow up the history of Pidgeon and his family.

For two summers Pidgeon was doing well, having a yearly salary for minding the works. One night, however, four men came under the window in a boat and pleaded distress—they got admission, but as soon as they regaled themselves, all started up, every man with a sabre in his hand, and seizing the old couple, tied them back to back. The young man (Ned Pidgeon) snatched a hand-spike, and courageously attacked them; but, unfortunately, one of the ruffians directed a deadly blow at his sister, which he prevented by seizing the sword, which the ruffian drew through his hand, and cut some arteries that disabled him for life. However, in this wounded state he fled to another hut, lately built, to call the assistance of two men who lived in it, but, in his short absence, the ruffians plundered the place of every valuable article they could lay hands on, and would have put the old couple to death were it not for the tears of the two girls. Ruffians as they were, they paid regard to their intreaties, and offered them no improper violence, save pulling off a ring from one of their fingers.

Ned Pidgeon returned with the two men, and was overjoyed to find all alive—and might have been in time to prevent the robbery was it not for the dressing that his hand required, which was done in a hasty manner. Finding the robbers gone, he ran out with the two men, who had each a brace of large pistols, and himself a smaller one, in order to make chase; but when they got down to the boats, they found them disabled, by means of boat-hooks driven, in many parts, through them, and they filled with water; so they were obliged to return. Pidgeon's boat, in particular, was stoved to pieces.

The whole family now sat bewailing their losses, except, at intervals, the old man would raise his eyes to heaven, and thank Divine Providence for having preserved their lives.

This afflicting circumstance took place on a Saturday night. The next day some of the citizens, who used to resort to Pidgeon's, were alarmed as well as disappointed by not finding his boat as usual in waiting; however, they too soon were acquainted of the sad affair. Boats were hired at Ringsend, and soon a crowd assembled at the Pile-ends—every one sympathised in poor Pidgeon's distress. As the heart of an Irishman is ever open to feel for the misery of others, his eye swims with tears of joy as he opens his purse to relieve it. A collection was instantaneously set on foot, and as much as might serve his immediate wants presented him. Against the following Sunday he had another boat in readiness, when another sum was given him, which nearly made up his losses.

His poor son, Ned, was no more able to pull an oar; however, with one hand he kept the tiller. A few days after the outrage, as himself and his father were out some short distance catching fish for dinner, the old man's hooks fastened in something at the bottom, which, by a gentle pull of his line, seemed to yield to him. His first conjecture was, that it might be a piece of a thick rope, so he drew in the line with caution least he would break his hooks—but mark his terror when the face of a man appeared under the surface of the water. The moment Ned saw it, he exclaimed, with horror in his countenance, yet mingled with marks of exulting joy—"O, father, father, that's one of the villains who robbed us—O yes, yes, father, and the very wretch that disabled me."

Poor old Pidgeon looked as terrified at the body as

if the act was to be performed over again, and was about to let it go, when Ned reminded him that some of his property might be found about him, but when they towed it to shore they found nothing, save an old silver-cased watch that hung over Pidgeon's fire-place. In a few days more another body was washed upon shore, which proved that the boat had been upset, and that the vengeance of heaven paid them the wages they so justly earned.

The following winter old Pidgeon died, leaving two daughters, a disabled son, and a poor old helpless wife. By the kindness of the commissioners they were allowed to retain the house, but having no one to row the boat, they had to hire two men, while Ned managed the tiller and received the money from the passengers.

It happened one day, while he was ashore, that one of those oarsmen drew out some cold meat and bread for his dinner, forgetting to take up the knife with which he cut it from off the seat, Ned, stepping into the boat, saw it, and exclaimed—'Good heavens!' snatching it up as he spoke, 'how came my father's pearl-handled Jack-o'-the-leg here—the very knife he was robbed of last season.' As he said this he looked, with frantic stare, at the two men, one of them immediately betrayed symptoms of guilt, and with a volley of curses, exclaimed—

'Do ye think there's no more knives in the world of the same sort?'

'Oh, then,' replied Ned, 'twas in your possession, I see.'

'Aye, that it was,' said the other, 'and shall be there again.'

'Well, then,' roared Ned, 'I claim it as my property, and you are my prisoner,' holding it to the fellow's breast—'stir one inch till we get to shore and you meet your fate.'

Fortunately for Ned, the other boatman had a falling out with this fellow, and would be glad to see him put out of Pidgeon's employment. Ned ordered the boat to where the military were stationed, and just as they approached the landing-place, the fellow made a sudden spring, and thought to have snatched the knife out of his hand, but he was on his guard, and made a thrust at him, which to avoid the fellow leaped overboard; on rising to the surface of the water his hat fell off, and exposed a large wen on his head, that convinced Ned he was one of the ruffians who plundered his father, on the night referred to.

Ned had him now fully in his power, as the fellow had on a large pee jacket, which prevented him swimming. Fixing a noose to a line, he threw it over him, and caught him by the wrist, and then fastened it to the stern of the boat in such a manner that he could not extricate himself. He was brought immediately a prisoner into Dublin;—Ned swore to the knife and his person;—he was sentenced to die. In prison he confessed the whole affair, viz.—a dispute arising in the boat, at the dividing of the booty, himself and another of the gang threw the other two overboard. After committing this horrible act he had a similar quarrel with the other fellow, who, in the heat of his wrath, threatened to inform when he would get ashore. 'This so enraged me,' said the prisoner, 'that I snatched up that very knife that discovered me, and stabbed him, and threw him overboard. The unfortunate wretch rose over water, screeching and seizing the gunnel, endeavouring to get in again, when turning to the same side to shove him off, a wave came and upset the boat—I saw him no more. The keel of the boat showed uppermost, which I mounted, still holding the knife; there I sat until day was breaking, when I was picked up by a smuggler, who supposed all came by accident; she continued her voyage, and I was held by my policy in great trust: we made three voyages. One night, while landing some hogsh-heads of tobacco in the dark, my foot came between two of them, which so disabled me that the crew carried me to another part of the coast, and there left me ashore, that there might be time enough to convey the goods out of sight, least, when I'd recover, I might inform. There I was left on the shore, far away from any house or hut, which, indeed, was too good for such a wretch. With all the horrors of a guilty mind, and the screams of the

wretch that I stabbed in my ears, I was about to end my existence with that very same knife, when an old man arrested my arm, and brought me to his cabin. I soon got well, but unfitted any longer for sea, was obliged to turn myself to rowing a ferry boat, until hired by Pidgeon. I cannot tell the reason why I kept the bloody knife, often was I going to throw it into the sea, but something always prevented me.'

Soon after the execution of this fellow, Ned Pidgeon complained of a pain in his disabled hand—a visible sore appeared: at last a mortification set in. In spite of all medicine or ointment it spread—amputation was the only remedy to save his life, but, alas, it had not this effect, for the poor fellow died in the operation.

The two poor girls, Mary and Rachel, were now left without any human being to protect them save a poor feeble mother who only survived her son six weeks.—'Tis true that their boat was plying, but they did not receive from the fellows that rowed it one-third of the money, besides they were rude and uncivil to the passengers, which made many that used to frequent Pidgeon's house, withdraw their visits.

In this uncomfortable state they consulted each other on what plan they could procure a livelihood. They were about to sell the boat and go into town, but what could they do there? They were as great strangers to the land as the fish of the sea.

At last it was agreed, that as they had learned to handle the oar in amusement on fishing excursions with their father, they might now turn it to advantage, as it would be a novelty, and excite the pity of the citizens by seeing two tolerably handsome females manage a boat, which they could do well. Their design had the desired effect. The boat was newly painted—a suitable and yet becoming dress made for the fair mariners—in a short time their boat was more frequented than ever—men of all ages and rank were contending for the oars, nor were they allowed, except on some extraordinary occasion, to give a pull.

It chanced about the beginning of October, that a very respectable party visited Pidgeon's. The two girls threw off their amphibious costume and appeared in their gayest attire to wait upon them, which they did in a most graceful way. The company had their own boat in waiting, which made them indulge their delay later than they otherwise would have done. Having at length taken their departure, Mary and her sister sat down to take some refreshment, when, all of a sudden, a violent storm arose. By and bye they hear a gun of distress: every candle that their small windows could hold were lighted to serve as a beacon for such as might escape the fury of the storm. Three long hours they sat expecting every moment to be called on to administer comfort to some exhausted being. About midnight the storm died away, and the sky became lightsome. Mary went to the door to look over the sea, when calling to Rachel she said, 'I see something black, do you Rachel? I think it a boat at no great distance—Oh! I shudder for the people that were with us to-day.' 'Where do you see it?' replied Rachel—'oh, aye, I see it now—I think it more like a barrel.' 'No Rachel,' said Mary, 'I think not, fetch me the glass.' The glass was brought, when she exclaimed, 'Oh! Rachel, Rachel, I see a man on a plank, the sea is not too rough—out with the boat, out with the boat.'

Their light pliant oars were soon put in motion with more than usual exertion. Their little boat, skipping from wave to wave, soon reached the plank, where they found two men and a child, one of them lying on the broad of his back almost exhausted, and the child on his breast, while his feeble and wearied hands endeavoured to keep its little head erect, as now and then a light wave broke over them. The other man sat astride, keeping his feet in motion in the nature of paddles.

The boat soon came up wit them, but so exhausted were the men that they had lost all power of speech. The child was the first relieved from danger, next the two men were placed at the stern seat of the boat by the intrepidity of those courageous girls; and, after about twenty minutes rowing, were landed, and safely conveyed to the warm shelter of Pidgeon's house—put into warm beds, and some warm drink administered, which soon threw

em into a sound sleep. The child (a fine boy of five years old) was looked to with still greater care, as its age demanded.

When morning broke, the two girls went out to see from what wreck they had escaped, when by the assistance of their telescope, they discovered two vessels on the north bull; one seemed to have received little damage, save her rigging, but the other suffered much. The strangers now awoke, and scarcely could persuade themselves but that they were brought there by something supernatural. However they were soon convinced to the contrary; their fair deliverers paid them a visit, and brought to their bed side a comfortable breakfast. The man before described as paddling with his feet on the plank, was master of one of the vessels from New York, the other, a gentleman passenger whose wife had died in America when the child was but one year old, and was coming to Ireland to place it under the care of some of his wife's relations. The master of the vessel soon found himself strong enough to look after his wrecked vessel, but the gentleman, having three of his ribs broken, was confined to his bed. Medical men were sent for, who declared if he was removed from where he lay it would be dangerous, so he composed his mind to remain under the care of his deliverers.

In a few days after he got an account that almost all his property was saved from the wreck, which with the thoughts of his child being safe, in some degree alleviated his pain of mind and body; and under the care of Mary Pidgeon he speedily recovered. Every thing she gave him seemed to possess a charm; his child clung to her wherever she moved, and the stranger looked on Mary with more than ordinary affection.

Being perfectly recovered, he presented her with

three score pounds, and was about to bid her a long adieu; but neither coaxing or threatening could induce the child to part with Mary—so great was the attachment he had formed for her. The stranger now altered his mind with respect to leaving his son in Ireland, so bidding Mary farewell, went to see his relations who lived about sixty miles from Dublin, and left his son in her care till his return.

In about a month he came back, and if his son loved Mary, he himself appeared to have caught the pleasing infection to a greater degree. He found it as great a difficulty to leave her as to get his son away; so to set all at rest, he took lodgings in town, and had the ever binding seal of matrimony impressed upon her. He also promised Rachel a good husband as soon as they would reach America; so purchasing some merchandize he embarked with a larger family than he brought with him. On their arrival he was as good as his word, Rachel was married to a very respectable man in trade.

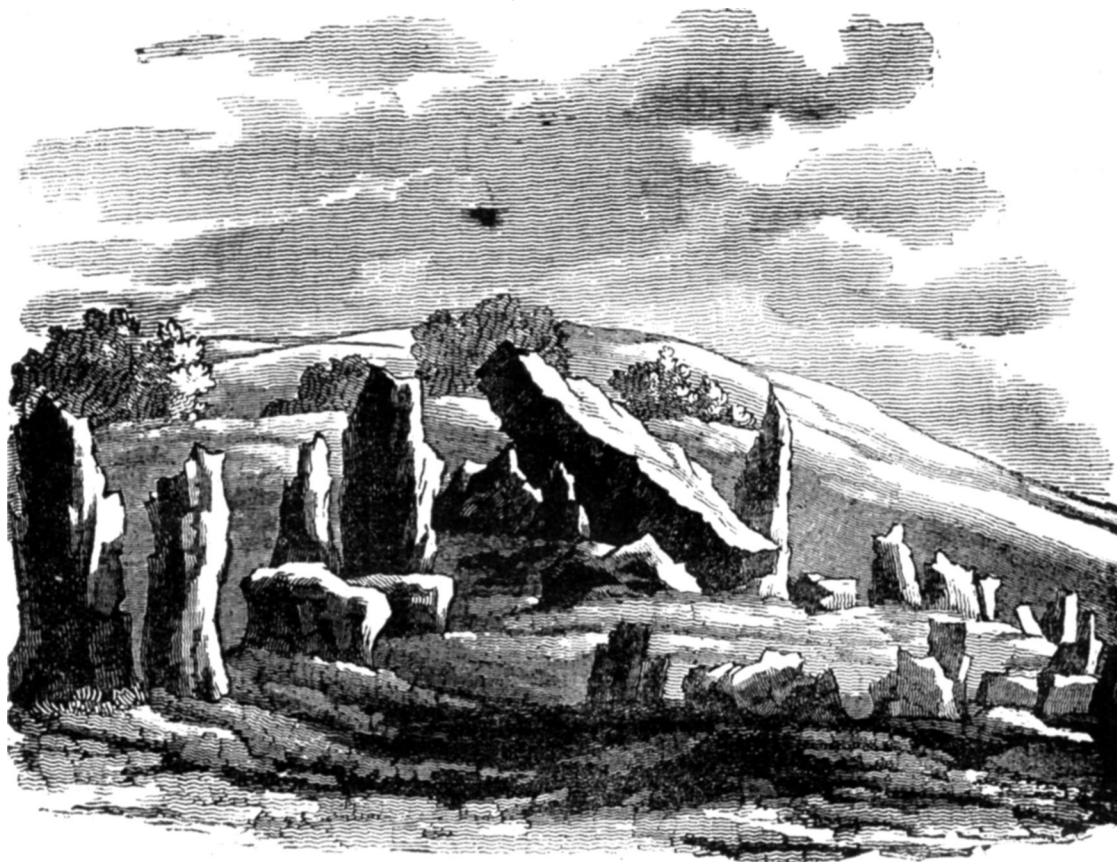
After they left the pile ends a stone house was erected on the spot, which remains to this day and has been ever since a kind of an hotel, and place of refreshment for people in stress of weather, but since the new harbour of Kingstown, has been finished, and steam navigation become so general, it has been shut up, as no vessel now puts into the Pidgeon House.

T. E.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

A year of pleasure, when once past,
Appears as transient as the blast;
Let pain but for a moment rage,
It seems the torment of an age!

N. O. B. P.



CEANORTH'S WA'S (WALLS.)

About four miles west of the town of Larne, and in the parish of Ralloo, county of Antrim, are sixteen large stones standing closely together, called in the Scottish idiom of the neighbourhood, *Ceanorth's Wa's*. They are situated on a swelling eminence; and from several stones of a similar size lying about, and others removed within

memory to the adjoining fences, it is evident that formerly a considerably greater number stood here than at present;—and from an examination of their probable number, it is certain there could not have been less than thirty. The greatest height of those remaining is about four feet and a half above the ground; and on these rested